

Bron County Register.

B. E. D. AKE.

BRON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

THE ENDURING.

A misty memory—faint, far away
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—
Forever holds and haunts me with a spell
Of awe and wonder indefinable
A grimy old engraving tacked upon
A shabby wall—An ancient temple,
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as
war.
And over the portal, cut in antique line,
The words—'Come in, ye weary of the
world—'—
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know
what friend is best?
Have God thy friend; He passeth all the
rest."
Again the old shoemaker pounds and
pounds
Resolutely, as the loud laugh resounds
And the course just is handled round the
throne
That smokes about the smoldering stove;
And long
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—
Even as all like discord—like strife—
The while a barefoot boy more gravely
treads
The quaint old picture, and tipping reads
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er
The lowering front of the old church door:
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know
what friend is best?
Have God thy friend; He passeth all the
rest."
So older—older—older, year by year,
The boy has grown, that now an old man
he is.
He seems a part of Alkory, where
He stands before life as the old print
there—
Still awed, and marvelling what duty must
be
Hid by the door that bare Futurity
Though ever clearer than with eyes of
youth.
He reads with his old eyes and tears for
south:
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know
what friend is best?
Have God thy friend; He passeth all the
rest."
—James Whitcomb Riley, in Scribner's
Magazine.

Appetite Comes with Eating

By Eugene Chavette.

"WELL, are my books ready, Mme. Colimard?"
"Look, sir, there you are, still in the
press! Colimard made sure he'd have
them finished for you, but in the mid-
dle of his work, all of a sudden, he was
sent for to a lawyer's."
"So you have had something left, eh?"
"Upon my word, sir, it's like a dream:
we can hardly believe it, it's so unex-
pected! Not that we are looking for
anything much, a ring, perhaps, a token
some trifle or other. If he left us an ap-
ple * * * just one apple * * *
we ought to think ourselves lucky, for,
after all, the poor dear departed owed
us nothing."
"He was no relation, then?"
"No nearer than Adam. Ah, it's quite a
story. You know Colimard always
works in the front shop to get all the
light he can for his gaudier. Well,
every day, from twelve to two, an old
gentleman used to pass the shop taking
his constitutional. I suppose he must
have had a fancy for binding, for he
would always stop at the window, and
taken look at my husband working. Col-
imard didn't like it having his light
taken from him; so one day he said
in my little boy's hearing: 'I wonder
if that old skeleton is waiting for the
undertaker at my window?' You know
you never can be too careful what you
say before children. No sooner had
my husband said that than what does
Dodore do but fly out of the shop, run
after the old gentleman and shout:
'Say, old skeleton, are you waiting for
the undertaker?'"
"He must have been dreadfully an-
gry!"
"Not a bit. He burst out laughing,
patted the child's cheek, and gave him a
sweet. Next day, of course, Dodore
was on the lookout for him, ran to him
to get another sweet, and got it and a
kiss into the bargain. To make a
long story short, at last the old gen-
tleman took to coming into the shop,
and spending a quarter of an hour every
day—see, there is his chair still, poor
dear old man!—talking to Colimard at
his work, and petting the little one.
He took to us, too, for he never let a day
pass without asking: 'How is business?
How are you getting along?' And he
would tell us to keep our courage up,
and never despair of the fu-
ture."
"You found out who he was, I sup-
pose?"
"Of course, we made inquiries. We
found that he was the rich M. de Bam-
brun, 17 houses of all this block of
houses; 17 houses, all his own; just
think of that! Naturally, when he
made us hope, we would say: 'It's easy
enough for you with all these houses!'
and he would answer: 'Well, children,
who knows? Some fine morning when
you least expect it you may find a house
tumbling into your sack.'"
"Very true. We never knew what to
expect."
"Well, one day he didn't make his ap-
pearance. After a week Colimard made
inquiries, and learned that the good old
man had caught a cold and died. We felt
sorry, for we liked him for liking the
little one, and because he had promised
us all the books in his library to bind.
My husband could not help saying:



"OLD SKELETON, ARE YOU WAITING
FOR THE UNDERTAKER?"
If that old skeleton is waiting for the
undertaker at my window? You know
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say before children. No sooner had
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My husband could not help saying:

"There's the future he was always talk-
ing about! All I wanted was a chance
to work; and now he's gone, and his
library with him!" A body might think
the ghost of the dear departed heard
him, for, while my man was grumbling,
in comes a messenger with a letter tell-
ing us to call at Master Hocquet's—the
optician's. They go to hear of something
to our advantage."
"Think of that, now! It looks as if
the house were on its way down."
"Oh, don't say that!"
"Why not?"
"The poor man was nothing to us. Be-
sides, he had cousins. It's not likely he
would rob his own for strangers like us."
"But he had 17 houses; he wouldn't
need to rob his own."
"That's just what I have been saying
to myself. Still, he doesn't owe me a
straw. Why should he leave us any-
thing, I'd like to know?"
"Why, didn't his talking about the
future practically amount to a promise?"
"In truth, he had better have held his
tongue, and not have troubled poor
folks' minds."
"Besides, he was fond of our son.
Why shouldn't he have made him one
of his heirs, along with his cousins?"
"Yes, and cousins he had never seen.
They don't know what is coming to
them. Ah, some folks have luck!"
"Why shouldn't you be one of them?
How do you know he hasn't left you
this house you live in?"
"This? It brings in 17,000 francs."
"Well, 17,000 francs more or less
won't make or break the heirs."
"Especially as the house badly needs
repairs. The old tenant, M. de Le-
saint, is just beyond reason. As long as
his life is all right he never worries about
what the lodgers have to put up with.
There's a lazybones that wouldn't stay
long in a house of mine! He's as bad as
the first-floor tenant, Mme. de Le-
saint. A stuck-up thing as ever there
was!"
"She'd trample on you, if you'd let
her! If the house was mine a minute,
wouldn't I give her her walking
ticket? And I'd do it all the quicker
because she has spent such lots of
money fixing up her rooms. Crack! I'd
raise the rent, besides. Repairs have
to be done, and why shouldn't the
lodgers do them?"
"I quite agree with you; I would
raise all their rents."
"Yes, and the man who took the shop
off my husband's hands—I'd make him
pay 1,500 francs a year more."
"But didn't you tell me that business
was dropping off? Oughtn't you to
charge less for the shop, instead of
more?"
"What! A lucky shop like this? Why,
the next tenant may find his old gen-
tleman too. I dare say this is only the
beginning of a regular run of them."
"If I were you, I wouldn't raise the
shop rent. I would use my fortune to
make at least one person happy."
"I am old enough, sir, to get along
without advice from anybody, thank-
ing you all the same!"
"Oh, now, don't get angry, we're only
supposing. How do you know the de-
parted has left you this house, and not
the one at the corner?"
"The one that brings in 60,000
francs?"
"Why not? If he wanted to make you
happy he might as well have made a
good job of it while he was at it."
"What you say is very reasonable. I
didn't thought of it, though."
"It is quite on the cards, isn't it?"
"Yes, now I come to think of it, it is.
Nothing obliged the dear, good man to
do anything for us at all; but, since he
meant to leave us one of his houses,
why should it have been the worst?"
"I would look almost an idiot."
"So it would. But, honestly, he owed
us nothing."
"What did he owe his cousins, whom
he never saw?"
"And he used to spend every after-
noon with us."
"It is not relationship so much as af-
fection that guides a man in making his
will."
"So far as that goes, I know he cared
more for us than for them; he never
breathed a word about them."
"You see, you have as much right
as they have."
"Ay, and more, if you look at affec-
tion. Mme. Colimard seemed to hesi-
tate here, but cupidity conquering, she
added: "And even * * * if the Al-
mighty did his duty by us."
"Even what?"
"Even the 16 should be ours. Why
shouldn't we have the 16 houses, and
the cousins the seventeenth?"
Just then the shop door was violently
thrown open. It was Colimard, back
from the lawyer's. He looked pale and
haggard.
"Well?"
"As the man was too breathless to re-
ply quickly enough, she shook him:
"Speak! Do, for heaven's sake, speak!"
"He has left us * * * only 30,000
francs for the boy!"
Mme. Colimard fell back upon her
seat, heart-broken. Through her
clenched teeth she hissed her thanks:
"The mean wretch!"—The International.

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ing about! All I wanted was a chance
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The Monetary Problem.

PRICES STILL FALL.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews on the
Present Morbid Condition of
the Industrial Body.

We see in the fall of prices and the
accompanying danger to business the
true cause of the world-wide movement,
so confounding to free traders, for
trusts and for what we should once have
called inordinate protective tariffs.
These phenomena mark the precise pe-
riod, since 1873, during which money
has been swelling in value and goods
losing in value. New South Wales (till
1891 ever the free trader's firm stand-
by) succumbs to this drift. The reason of
it is perfectly obvious. Production
now is extra-hazardous and needs shel-
ter. When prices threaten or begin to
fall, when stock depreciates upon man-
ufacturers' hands, they inevitably
struggle to avert these results, well-
coming any resource that can aid. Un-
able to compass their ends otherwise,
they agitate for high tariffs. I unhesi-
tatingly avow the conviction that had
prices since the war been stationary or
only slowly advancing, the rise in
United States tariff rates culminating
in the McKinley law would never have
been so much a thought of. High pro-
tectionists would have been perfectly
satisfied without any rise and even with
some reduction. The McKinley rates
have been lowered somewhat, and if the
change had been preceded by proper
monetary reform, the reduction might
be permanent and perhaps in a little
time, with the approval of all, made
greater still. But I fear that it cannot
be permanent. Unless monetary reform
comes soon, the tariff which the demo-
crats have been at such great pains to
give us, will speedily be ripped in pieces
and rates of duty be imposed higher
than those of the McKinley act. A low
tariff policy can never be established in
these United States so long as gold
alone continues the basis of our cur-
rency. By no means all those crying
for highest protection, whether here or
in Europe, believe in protection as a
general policy. Many such, in theory,
they would advocate such a tariff were
prices stable or rising. Willingness to
subject your country's industries to
foreign competition is one thing; to
thing; quite another to do so when
your competitors are helped to beat
you by a home bonus on exportation,
as is the case with nearly all exporters
from silver and paper lands today. In
France these "opportunist" protection-
ists are a powerful and growing
party. Their logic is as yet imperfectly
understood in this country, but the con-
viction of the bullion would naturally
hold it back, hoping thereby to raise
the market price to \$1.20, when free
coinage would have taken effect, and in
all probability held it at that point. But
the gold men opposed it for the same
reason. Professing a desire to raise
silver to a parity with gold, they
were afraid of having the market
"called." And yet almost every man
ket quotation of anything in Wall
street is the result of the manipulations
of the "bulls" and the "bears."

THE SHERMAN LAW.

Something About the Attempt to
Renounce Silver About Ten
Years Ago.

On the 4th of March, 1899, the ad-
ministration of President Harrison be-
gan. All over the country there was a
very general complaint of dull times,
and, except in the extreme east, a
strong demand for silver legislation.
When the Fifty-first congress assem-
bled on the first Monday in December,
1899, there is no doubt that a clear ma-
jority of both houses were in favor of
free coinage. But the administration,
Speaker Reed and a majority of the
Republicans in both houses were op-
posed to such a measure. The senate
promptly passed a free coinage bill,
and sent it to the house. But the ad-
ministration had its pet scheme known
as the "Windmill bill." The anti-silver
Republicans, being in control of the
house, blocked silver legislation until
sufficient pressure had been brought
to bear upon the less determined sil-
ver men in the republican party to in-
duce them to accept the Windmill bill
as a substitute for free coinage. That
measure passed the house by about 30
majority, the pronounced free coinage
men voting against it. The bill pro-
vided for the purchase of four and one-
half million ounces of silver bullion
each month, to be paid for in treasury
notes created for the purpose. These
notes were to be legal tender except
where otherwise stipulated in the con-
tract, and were made redeemable in
gold, at the option of the government.
In silver dollars, or in silver bullion,
at the option of the holder of the notes.
Before passing, it had, however, been
amended so as to admit of free coinage
when the bullion was at par—that is,
worth 1.20 per ounce. The importance
of this amendment was overlooked by
many people at the time. The senate
refused to concur, and the matter went
to a conference committee. There the
gold and one-half million dollars was
stricken out and the same number of
"ounces" substituted; the provision for
free coinage when parity was reached
was also dropped, and the notes were
made redeemable simply in "coin"—
which, of course, means either gold
or silver. In the latter form the bill
passed both houses and became a law.
It received the name of the Sherman
law" from the circumstance that Sen-
ator Sherman was a prominent mem-
ber of the conference committee. If the
free coinage clause had been retained
and the law had been fairly exe-
cuted, it is not unreasonable to be-
lieve that it might have settled the
silver question. Under its operation,
as it was, silver rose to \$1.20 per ounce,
and the prospect of the purchase of the
bullion would naturally have held it
back, hoping thereby to raise the
market price to \$1.20, when free
coinage would have taken effect, and in
all probability held it at that point. But
the gold men opposed it for the same
reason. Professing a desire to raise
silver to a parity with gold, they
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ket quotation of anything in Wall
street is the result of the manipulations
of the "bulls" and the "bears."

MODERNIZING JAPAN.

Conditions There Tally with Those
of All Other Good Standard
Countries.

The modernizing of Japan, which
has been progressing so rapidly during
the last few years, closely resembles the
Rothschildizing of the rest of the world
has been undergoing, and is undoubted-
ly the same thing under another name.
Percy Allen, in the Outlook, thus de-
scribes the Japan of today, as he sees it,
in contrast with the Japan of
former times, as he saw it:
"A very undesirable change has come
over the life of the working people. The
factory chimney, ominous harbinger of
the industrial revolution, rises gaunt
and bare from the hideous brick build-
ing which seems to be the necessary ac-
companiment of wealth-production on a
large scale. The worst evils of the
factory system are creeping in every-
where, the rush for wealth is taking
possession of the people; the limited
liability company is already in the
land; fortunes are being made by a few,
but the mass of the people are poor.
A native writer says: 'Land is being rap-
idly changed from the ownership of
small properties to the hands of richer
men.' The number of those who pos-
sess the franchise, paying 15 yen in
taxes, have gone up 44 per cent., but the
cost of living has increased 64 per cent.
The heavy strain of these great
changes the temper of the people is
gradually deteriorating. Courtesy and
gentle manners are yielding to hard
and stereotyped western ways, intense
competition is developing selfishness
and cruelty."
Does not this dark description fit
every other country under the gold
standard, trust and monopoly system
of the Rothschild dispensation; the
producers and consumers of the land
are bled at both ends by the syndicates
and the gold trust. With the increase
of production the producer of food,
clothing and shelter is forced to pay
tribute to the monopolist, and there is
an accompanying increase in the num-
ber of hungry, ragged and homeless
men. Such were unknown in Japan
until recently and in the United States
of a generation ago. When we have
shaken loose the grasp of usurious
greed upon our political institutions in-
creased production will mean more
good things for the masses, instead of
famine for the multitudes and luxury
for the few alone.—Illinois State Reg-
ister.

Does Not Regulate Prices.

Intrinsic value does not regulate
prices. Prices are regulated by the in-
trinsic value than any other thing known, but
it has no price. The intrinsic value of
a bushel of wheat never changes, but
its price does.

Intrinsic Value.

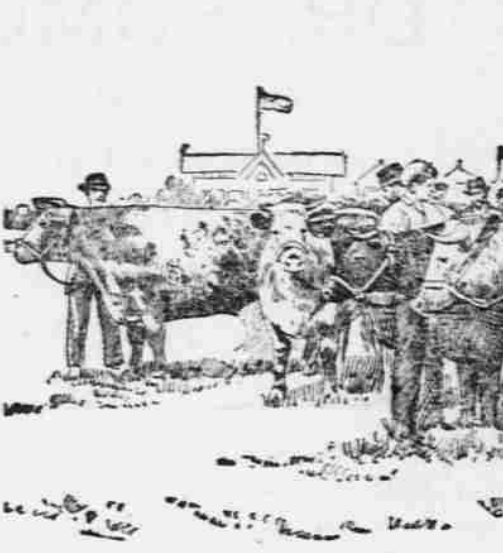
The intrinsic value of a glass of water
is no greater on the desert of Sahara
than upon the bank of the Mississippi
river, but its price might be very differ-
ent.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

GROWTH OF CANADA.

Its Rapid Development Has Attract-
ed the Attention of Many.

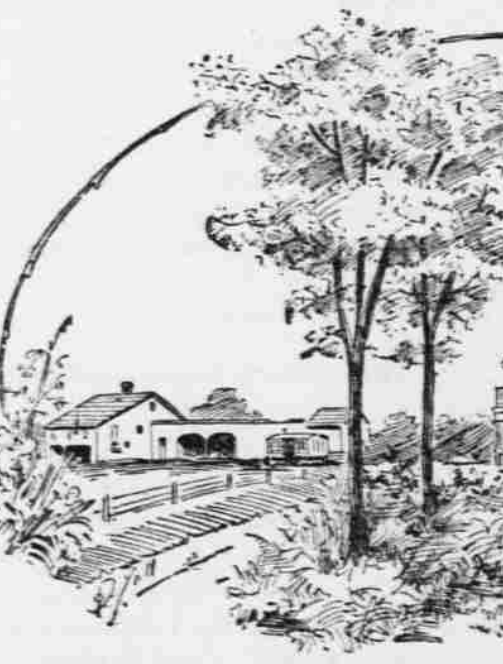
Settlement of the Vacant Lands of
Our Neighbor Will Prove of Ad-
vantage to the Entire
Continent.

What are the people of the United
States going to do to escape the mani-
fold evils they fear, not without rea-
son, from the operations of the giant
trusts which are being formed al-
most daily in every part of the coun-
try? This is a question that agitates
not only the poor man, but the man
of moderate capital. In years gone by,
the man of energy out of employment
or the man with small capital was
able to go farming in the United States
with every prospect of securing a com-
petency for himself. But the day when
Uncle Sam was rich enough to give
every man a farm has gone by. In
discussing the question of the future
welfare of the increasing population
of the continent with Mr. J. A. Smart,
deputy member of the interior for
Canada, who was found busy with his
superintendent of immigration in their
office at Ottawa, Canada, Mr. Smart
made the statement that there is now
very little homestead land in the United
States, and the man who seeks for-
tune in that way must now look else-
where. It fortunately happens that we
have right at our very door an oppor-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF PREMIER GREENWAY'S PURE-BRED CATTLE
RAISED IN WESTERN CANADA.

tunity for acquiring land or getting
into lucrative business of some kind
that is equal to any even offered in
this country. Some years ago the
people of the United States were ac-
customed to see Canada figure on the
maps as a long narrow strip of land,
with scattered villages and towns
along the St. Lawrence and great
lakes. It is hard, therefore, to realize
that a rival nation, with a territory
vastly larger than the whole United
States, has risen upon our northern
border and has set about making a
great future for itself, building ter-
ritories, leveling mountains, filling up
the valleys, bridging rivers, digging
new and enlarging old canals, con-
structing thousands of miles of rail-
ways to bind together its territories
and carry the fruit of the earth to
distant market and make easy of ac-
cess its enormous resources of timber,
mines and agricultural lands.
Since the accession to power of a
vigorous, up-to-date, progressive gov-
ernment, determined that the world
shall know what a grand country Can-
ada is and what unparalleled oppor-
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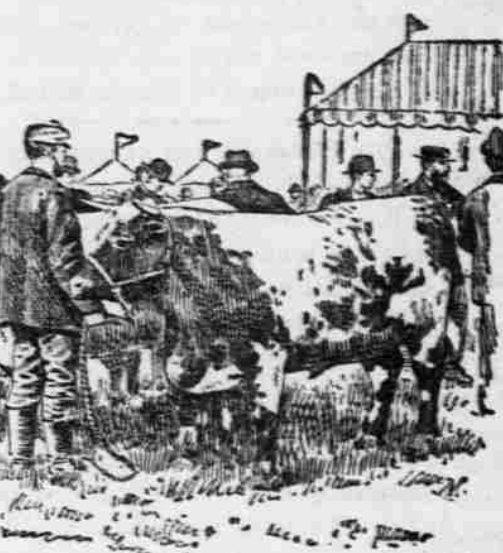


HOME OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER NEAR BRANDON, MANITOBA.

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available, but westward of Ontario, in
the old Hudson Bay territory, now
known as Western Canada, there are
hundreds of millions of acres of the
choicest land on the continent, all
ready for the plowman. There
are the provinces of Manitoba, com-
prising 74,000 square miles; Assiniboia,
about 90,000 square miles; Keewatin,
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107,000 square miles; Alberta, 106,000
square miles; Athabaska, 104,000 square
miles; Northwest territories, 906,000
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States has filled up, no similar block
of agricultural lands awaiting the set-
tler is to be found anywhere else.
Lord Selkirk in 1812 prophesied that
these plains of Western Canada would
yet maintain a population of 300,000,
600,000 souls. And why not? Last year
Manitoba alone had nearly 2,000,000
acres under crop in wheat, oats, barley,
flax and other grains, and potatoes and
other roots. This is undoubtedly the
coming wheat field of the world. The
yield per acre is prodigious. A late
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ports from Winnipeg, wrote that when
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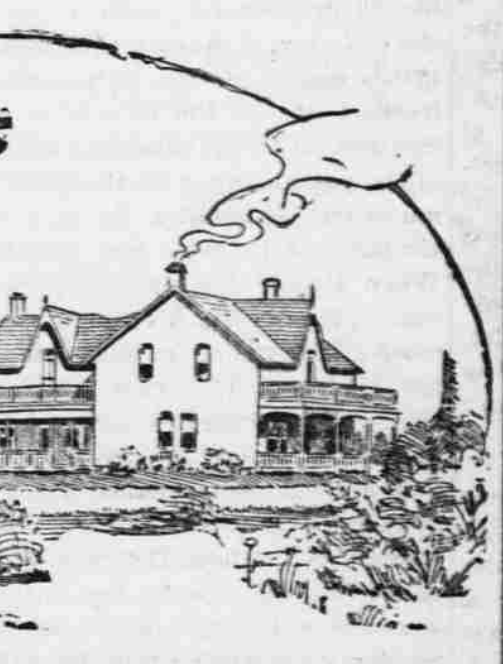
been about 30 bushels per acre, in one
or two years it fell to about 18 bushels,
but even that production with present
prices will yield a large profit, the cost
of raising an acre being paid by ex-
ports at from five to seven dollars per
acre.
Wheat, however, is not the only
cereal grown. The crops of oats, bar-
ley and peas are phenomenal. Oats
were found by delegates visiting the
country to yield from 60 to 90 bushels
to the acre, while in some instances
they have been known to exceed 100
bushels. One delegate states: "The
old evils they fear, not without rea-
son, from the operations of the giant
trusts which are being formed al-
most daily in every part of the coun-
try? This is a question that agitates
not only the poor man, but the man
of moderate capital. In years gone by,
the man of energy out of employment
or the man with small capital was
able to go farming in the United States
with every prospect of securing a com-
petency for himself. But the day when
Uncle Sam was rich enough to give
every man a farm has gone by. In
discussing the question of the future
welfare of the increasing population
of the continent with Mr. J. A. Smart,
deputy member of the interior for
Canada, who was found busy with his
superintendent of immigration in their
office at Ottawa, Canada, Mr. Smart
made the statement that there is now
very little homestead land in the United
States, and the man who seeks for-
tune in that way must now look else-
where. It fortunately happens that we
have right at our very door an oppor-

tunity for acquiring land or getting
into lucrative business of some kind
that is equal to any even offered in
this country. Some years ago the
people of the United States were ac-
customed to see Canada figure on the
maps as a long narrow strip of land,
with scattered villages and towns
along the St. Lawrence and great
lakes. It is hard, therefore, to realize
that a rival nation, with a territory
vastly larger than the whole United
States, has risen upon our northern
border and has set about making a
great future for itself, building ter-
ritories, leveling mountains, filling up
the valleys, bridging rivers, digging
new and enlarging old canals, con-
structing thousands of miles of rail-
ways to bind together its territories
and carry the fruit of the earth to
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cess its enormous resources of timber,
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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF PREMIER GREENWAY'S PURE-BRED CATTLE
RAISED IN WESTERN CANADA.

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south of Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan,
and beyond is set apart for the
maintenance of schools—a very liberal
provision indeed. The schools are non-
sectarian and national in character.
In connection with education ex-
perimental farms have been established
in Manitoba and the territories, where
all the different kinds of grain, seed,
roots, vegetables, grasses, fruits, trees
and shrubs that it is sought to grow in
the country are sown on the varied soils
of the farm and the results published in
the newspapers for the information and
guid